TORTILLON.

HERE is Tortillon! There is Tortillon!" cried a few frightened voices in the village. At the cry twenty countrywomen in various ages of agitation appeared at their ors, and began to call their children. 'Bernard! Eugene! come in at once! ospe.! Claudine!—here, immediately. hat, Joseph, you rogue, you will not me? Rosalie, just wait till I catch ou!"

Then other names were shouted loud- "Lucienne! Coralie! Pierre! Celesn!" The fathers did not say anyhing, but pulled ears freely, and more an one boy screamed.

Evidently something of dire import as about to occur, to thus rouse the eepy little borough from its natural thargy.

Suddenly there appeared at the farer end of the street, near the first uses, a queer, grotesque, almost monrous figure. It looked at first like a eap of colored rags, propelled forward distressful jerks. The human frame nder this medley was, as one may imine, wretchedly put together. The o legs, thin as switches, were of unual length, and the knees knocked toether; the body was bent on the left de, and one hip made a sharp promence, while on the other side overng a shoulder outrageously loaded ith abrupt swellings. The head, in effort to keep upright, was on a e with the protruding hip. The two ng arms were like two tentacles, and ith them the creature was able to ck up alms without bending. A stick ld in one hand supported this heap tatters. The whole—warped, knotted, isted, full of depressions and promiences—gave the impression of a corkrew on legs.

To crown all, the head was oblong, d the hair, scant and stiff, straggled er the face. The mouth stretched om ear to ear, and smiled unconiously and incessantly, in a manner at was irritating after awhile. Beath this sardonic grin hung a heavy n, and above it was a nose with ide nostrils. Flabby, overhanging eeks added, if possible, to the ridicous, appearance of this lamentable eature.

"There is Tortillon! There is Tortlon!" was repeated along the street, d the village children crept into their uses in fear.

It was indeed a terrible fear that Tortlon roused wherever she went. Many lled her a witch. Did she not seem pically one? How—without the aid the devil—could she find means to ve in such a distorted body? More an one asserted that he had seen a oven foot under her ragged skirts. e was accused also of traveling rough the air at night, with a broom r a steed. Indeed, she could not apar within six miles of a place without being suspected of stealing chilen to kill them in order to drink their ood while holding her evil orgies.

And names were given. Jeanne udru's daughter had been spirited way; and Annette Soulas' little boy d disappeared one morning after Torlon had passed. Some few, who were t superstitious, had the boldness to y that Annette Soulas and Jeanne udru might themselves have done rm to their own children. But it s sufficiently proved—to the rest. rtillon was constantly seeking little ldren; she must be watched.

As if to corroborate this, a little boy, rty and charming, appeared at the ird house. Possessed by an imperave desire to see Tortillon, because ch pleasure was forbidden, he slipped s head through the half-opened door, slice of buttered bread between his eth.

The beggar stopped abruptly. It ust have been that the sight of the ild was sweet to the miserable creare, for her eyes, usually half-closed, w opened wide, and disclosed great pid depths, feminine and full of resses. The monster was indeed a oman.

A harsh voice broke forth: "Go your y, Tortillon; go your way, or take re!"

The little one received a slap, and s drawn back. Uttering a sigh, the ggar drew herself up, swung her mps backward and forward, raised e stick which served her as a supt, twisted herself from her heels to r neck, and proceeded a step. A cond effort, a second step. Her eyes vered; she was as hideous as before. t was May. The sky was clear e, the earth all perfume. Never had ing come in clearer garb; buds were erywhere; birds caroled. One felt e—full, ardent, mysterious—singing rough space!

The warmth became intense and joys; the twelve strokes of the midday uck lazily in the village steeple.

Tortillon continued her way with difulty. She reached the door of the rsonage at last—quite exhausted. It s the custom of the curate to give r once a week a silver piece, a loaf bread and some fragments from the ble.

She was about to touch the bell when e door opened. Marianne, the sernt, came out, holding a child of six the hand. Evidently inspired by an esistible impulse, the beggar, with es again humid, stretched her arms ward the child.

"En bien! Tortillon, what is the tter with you?" said Marianne, reling in fright, while the child hid hind her skirts.

Again the wretched creature stifled r heart. She took her bread, her ten s and the scraps dully, almost apatically. Then she set out again, th still more difficulty, as if she were ighted with a nameless burden eater than she could bear.

She stopped again after going about enty feet. She slipped through a teway leading into an imposing man, vacant just then. The inclosing ll made a semicircle, which was rnished like a small park with some nches. One could sit here without ing seen from the road.

Tortillon, about to avail herself of e of these, drew back startled. A ld was there playing with flowers, hich she scattered over the benches graceful profusion, or made into uquets. Never was an angel more beautiful! Great, blue eyes she had; a rosebud mouth parted in laughter; her shoulders were bare—soft, white and dimpled; and, to crown all, a wealth of long blond curls tumbled about her face over her shoulders.

The unhappy beggar stifled a cry in her throat. Then she stood immovable bewitched with admiration. The child if she should see her, would try to escape like a bird from a snake, no doubt The eye of Tortillon—wide open, full of light, charged with magnetism—dwelt on the divine face of the child. The latter still played, without looking up An intense desire, irresistible, furious took possession of the beggar. At last she could not restrain herself longer casting about her a look, jealous and defiant, she saw that the road was deserted. There was no one to disturb her. Ah, what joy illuminated her face!

But at this moment the little girl saw her, uttered a cry and tried to flee, calling for help. The unhappy woman, dropping her stick, fell despairingly on her knees. Her eyes had a look so sweet, so suppliant, so angelic, indeed, that the child, surprised and conquered, stood waiting for what might happen.

Tortillon, overcome with joy, addressed to heaven a silent tribute of thankfulness, and plunged into a fevered ecstasy; she seemed spellbound by the child.

Unfortunately, it was an intoxication that demanded to be satiated by still depeer intoxication. The little girl cast shy glances at the hunchback from time to time. The latter beckoned her nearer. There was now such gentleness in the beggar's eyes—such love, such beauty—that her hideousness seemed to disappear, and the child was reassured.

"What is your name?" asked Tortillon.

"Lucette Garnier."

The poor woman seemed to hesitate, then formed a sudden resolution.

"Lucette, would you do me a great charity?"

"Ah, yes; but I have not a sou."

A tear fell on Tortillon's cheek.

"That is not the charity I mean."

Lucette, who did not understand how one could give alms without sous, was silent. Tortillon crept nearer, and, softening her voice, as well as her eyes, said: "will you kiss me?"

Her plaintive tone, and the effort she made in saying this, would have touched a savage. Nevertheless, the little girl recoiled, filled with fright. Sobs burst from the mendicant's throat. Speechless, Lucette felt that she was going to weep also. Tortillon saw this, and made an effort to control herself.

"I do not know how to tell you, yet I must. Lucette, there is not in the whole world anything more beautiful than little children—than you. To-day, in this sunlight, they are divine. Lucette, I would give my life if you would kiss me! This desire has been with me a long time. You do not understand, perhaps—no one has ever kissed me—no one. I have imagined that I would faint from joy if I were to see a child's arms stretched toward me—if I were to receive a kiss from its little mouth. I am not old; I am frightful, that is all; but I have a heart. Ah, could I but be a mother—to have a child—I would be mad with joy."

Lucette, amazed, looked at Tortillion without fully understanding what she said; but a singular emotion disturbed her, and in her eyes was a great pity.

"I do not wish to die without having been kissed by a child," the wretched woman continued, with great intensity. "It must be a wonderfud sensation—delicious—like something from paradise. That is why I run after the little ones. Fools say that it is because I wish to kill them—that I am a witch. To kill them! A witch! Ah, if I were a witch I should desire that woods, roads and the whole world were filled with children. If I were a witch, Lucette, in order to thank you for having listened, I would make you queen. Kiss me, I beg you. Do not look at me so—but kiss me."

She stretched her arms toward the child. In her celestial eyes was so much supplication that Lucette, conquered, drew nearer. What a contrast there was between the sweet child and that horrible creature. However, the little one put forward her sweet face and slightly touched Tortillon's forehead with her lips.

Tortillon, then all trembling, wrapped Lucette in her arms, and covered her with kisses.

At the same instant the poor woman heard something hiss through the air, near her quick as lightning. She received a shock, and fell to the ground, her head bleeding from a wound, while Lucette's father grasped the child and rubbed her face with his handkerchief, as if he would efface a stain.

Some hours later, still on the road, while in the distance the sun was slowly sinking in a sea of gold, Tortillon, with her forehead cut, her eyes stupefied and with blood on her hands and face, rose heavily, and turned her back on the village.

What had happened?

Lucette's father had aroused the whole country. They were going to kill her; she would indeed have been torn to pieces had it not been for the curate.

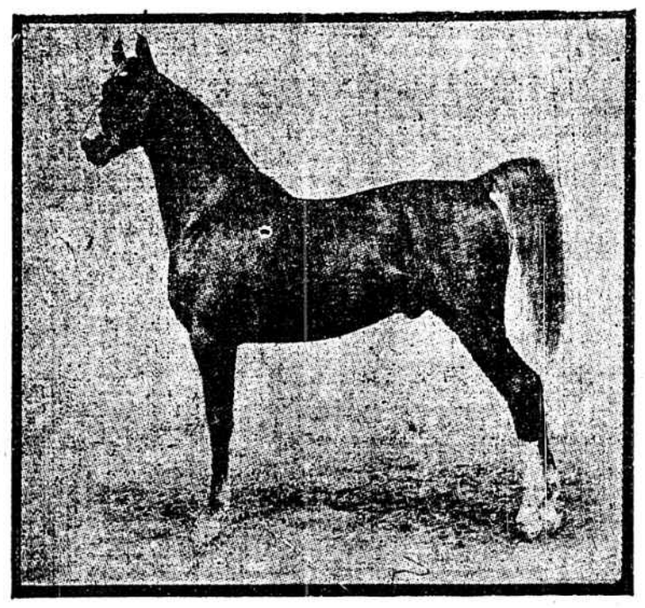
But she remembered nothing of this, nor did she feel her pain. The only thing that remained in her memory was the thought of the kiss from those childish lips. The memory was as a salve to all her wounds. This kiss seemed to flutter around her, and to sing a thousand sweet songs in her enchanted ear.

She went on, radiant, a prey to her ecstasy—and to her fever. When the sun had set, Tortillon stopped, lay down in a field at the roadside, looked at the stars, believed in God, thought of the kiss of Lucette—then, happy, indeed, she died.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Camille Debaus, by Mabel Haughton Brown.

Mexican Ruins.

Mexico has many ancient ruins, particularly in the States of Oaxaca, Chiapas, Yucatan and Moreila. Those of Mitla, in Oaxaca; Palenqua, in Chiapas; Uxmal, in Yucatan, and Xochimilco, in Moreila, are among the most famous and interesting. Some of them represent whole cities and are supposed to be from two to three thousand years old. They all show the most elaborate carvings, which closely resemble the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

THE PERFECT HORSE.



HIGHLAND EAGLE.

Selected by a jury of experts as the most perfect type of Kentucky saddle horse, and recently purchased by Thomas F. Ryan, of the New York Equitable Life, automobile and traction magnate.

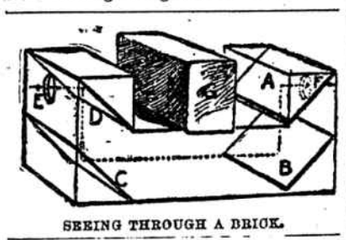
HOW TO SEE THROUGH A BRICK

"To see through a brick wall" is an expression often used in a figurative way. How would you like to make a device that will enable you to apparently see through a brick, or any other opaque object? It may be easily done if you are at all handy with tools; all you need is a box with mirrors, and this is the way it is made.

Construct a hollow box, like the one you see in the illustration. One side is represented as removed, that you may see the interior arrangement. You can easily make the case, says the Home Journal, by sawing down a box and using the lid for the middle platform.

You will need four pieces of looking glass the width of the box, and these you fasten at an angle of forty-five degrees, as you see A, B, C and D arranged. The reflecting surfaces face each other and a small hole is made at each end of the box, E and F, each hole being fitted with a piece of plain glass.

Now, if you place an object before the opening F, you will, by looking in the opening E, see that object as if you were looking straight at it. This is because the object at F is reflected in the mirror A, which is reflected in B, which in turn is again reflected across the box to mirror C, and then up to D, and that image is seen by your eye at E. All of which, you see, is very simple.



SEEING THROUGH A BRICK.

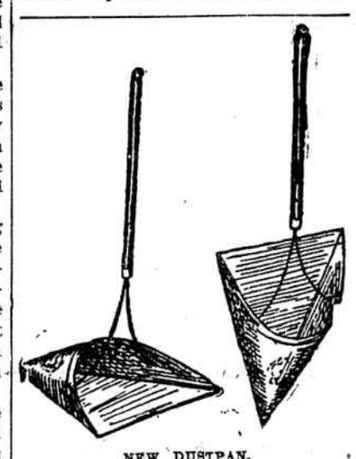
If you now place a brick, or any opaque object, between the two ends of the box, as at G, you see, of course, that it makes no difference in viewing the image. But if you hide all this mechanism from your friends, and place the box for one to look through, he will be much amazed to find that he can see through box and brick to the image you have placed at the opposite end beyond the box.

Either E or F may be used to look through, as the object is always at the opposite end outside the piece of glass. Instead of a brick you may use a hat or a book, or even your hand, at G.

HORN SHAPED DUSTPAN.

The old-fashioned dustpan has stood the test for many years, but the efforts of the inventors are being directed to its improvement, with the view of remedying several of its shortcomings. One of the latter is the necessity of constant stooping, which is necessary in its use, and another is the propensity which seems to be possessed of the old-style article to become upset and scatter its contents around the floor, which has just been carefully brushed up.

A new thing in the way of dust pans is shown in the accompanying cut. It does away with the stooping by having a long handle fitted to its capacious holder. The pan is also balanced in such a way that when it is raised from the floor for moving from one point to another it automatically drops in such a position that the contents fall into the closed end of the horn-shaped pan. —Philadelphia Record.



NEW DUSTPAN.

HUNTER'S FRIEND.

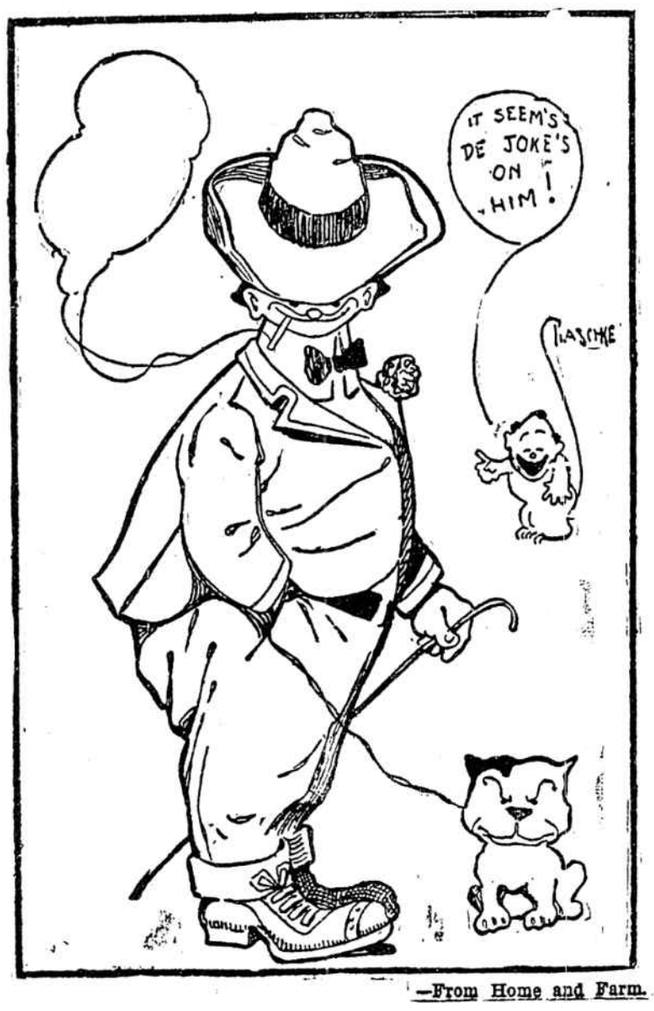
Might also be called "tramp's delight." It is more than a cane and a stool, for it can be drawn out to twice its pictured length to serve as an alpenstock or as a gun rest. Besides, it contains a dagger warranted to kill a deer or a dog. It would be perfect if it included, as it might, an umbrella and a tent. It weighs two pounds and is made in Germany.—Philadelphia Record.

Wise James!

"If you expect anything much from girls you will be disappointed, though of course, they are very nice in their way."

"Let us be kind to girls and pity their misfortunes, but let us remember that they are different from us, and that we can never understand them."—From Jimmy Brown Trying to Find Europe, by W. L. Alden.

SAYS MR. CITYMAN--GEE! I THINK FARMERS ARE SO FUNNY LOOKING



—From Home and Farm.

The Farm

The Value of Whey.

Where milk is taken to local cheese factories it is customary for the patrons to draw home more or less whey, which is used to feed pigs, calves and the like. There is nothing in it to commend it for such purpose, however, but the sugar of the milk, and this only when it is sweet. Whey, in truth, is much the same as water with a little sugar, which has been used to rinse milk pails, and if it becomes sour may well be likened to vinegar. It makes, therefore, very poor feed for any animal, but having some sugar in it may be used, if not sour, as a drink or to mix feed with. Still, even then it should not be given in any large quantity, any more than if it were used as water might be used for this purpose. It certainly is not fit for food when sour, and when it is quite sour, as it sometimes is when fed, it is really injurious.—Fred O. Sibley, in The Epitomist.

Dehorning the Calves.

Since the introduction of pure bred sires into the cattle regions of Texas, the horns of Texas cattle do not reach across State lines to interfere with domestic concerns out of that State. Nevertheless, the large cattle breeders there are dehorning the calves in order to make them more acceptable in the feed lots of the corn belt. As a result of this a Texas paper says that no trouble is experienced in selling Panhandle yearlings, twos and threes this year, in fact, there were not enough to go around. Iowa took some, Kansas a lot and Colorado more than in many years. Orders from Montana and South Dakota were light, however, and the whole Northern movement will probably not be more than fifty per cent. of that of 1904. A good corn crop this year will mean a wider market for Texas young cattle in the belt. Our calves are in good shape, none being stunted, as was the case last year.—Indiana Farmer.

Dainties For Swine.

A year ago it was noticed that the swine were rooting too deep into the soil in their yards and there was danger of wallows, so a space near the orchard was fenced off where the swine might have some grass and shade while their permanent home was repaired. Our ten-year-old boy got in the habit of filling a small peach basket with the green tops from the early vegetables and with pea pods and feeding these to the pigs daily, although they had grass in plenty. One day he got a lot of broken pieces of sod in the basket, and was quite amazed to see the animals leave the grass and the vegetable tops to eat the small bits of sod, earth and all.

The swine yard was repaired by taking out a foot of soil and filling in the space with gravel, grading all away from the centre to a gutter on the outside of the fence. Then the hogs were put back in their yard and the rest of the summer had a basketful of broken sod at least once a week in addition to grass cut for them and the vegetable tops. Never was there a more healthy lot of animals than these and never before had our sows gone through the pig-dropping season in better shape, nor did we ever have such strong, healthy pigs. Nothing more is needed to convince our people that swine, as well as other animals, appreciate variety, and that broken sod is one of the best digestives.—Indianapolis News.

Dipping Hens For Lice.

A Western poultryman writes of dipping hens as follows: Make a very strong suds with any good soap. Keep the suds warm enough to be comfortable to bear the hands in. One person takes the chicken by the feet in one hand and the neck in the other hand and immerses Mr. or Mrs. Chicken, as the case may be, back downwards into the suds, then moves them back and forth, holding the head up out of the suds, while an assistant rubs the patient and raises the feathers to get the suds to every part of the body.

Then raise the feathers on the head and neck and wash with the suds; squeeze out as much of the suds as you can from the feathers. If the weather is quite warm and sunny, let the chickens go, but if the least bit windy or chilly, put them in a warm place to dry. Two or three minutes of work with each fowl in the suds should do the business. But remember success depends upon thoroughness, so be sure the work is well done.

For head lice on young chicks dampen the top of the head and back of the neck, as these are the only parts affected by this parasite. Then rub on soap to make a lather, and see that it covers the entire part affected, then turn the chicks out and let them go. Every louse that comes in contact with the suds will die in less than three minutes, and there will be no harm to the chickens from the suds.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Alsike or Red Clover, Which?

A Northern reader asks the Prairie Farmer which is the best to sow for hay, alsike or red clover, to which the reply was made that very much depends upon circumstances. For sowing alone the red clover has a distinctive advantage over the alsike in that the latter falls down much worse than the red clover and is difficult to harvest. If timothy or some other stiff strawed plant is to be sown with the clover this objection will be removed.

The alsike is better adapted to mixing with timothy on account of ripening nearer with the timothy than does the medium red clover. Alsike is also better adapted to low lands that are inclined to be a little wet, as it will stand much more adversity in this direction. This is especially true of lands that are subject to overflow. Either clover will add nitrogen to the soil if the proper germs are present. The red clover having a larger root may have a superior physical effect upon some soils, although we have no data at hand either to prove or to disprove this point.

As to their feeding value, when cut and cured in equal condition, there is perhaps little difference for the feeding of cattle or horses, but with sheep the alsike is fed with less waste, the stems being finer and eaten more readily. The composition of the two clovers is practically the same. The alsike will probably as a rule not yield as large a tonnage as the red clover. On the other hand, its finer stem renders it much more easily cured into a first-class hay. This is an important item in most seasons in humid climates. These points will probably help in deciding the question, which should be done in all cases in accordance with the local conditions.

Nitrate of Soda as a Top Dressing.

The New Jersey station gives out some interesting results with nitrate of soda as a top dressing for forage crops. During the years 1889 to 1902, seven experiments were conducted with nitrate as a top dressing on forage crops (rye, wheat, barley, barnyard millet, corn, oats and peas), the nitrate being used in addition to the manures and fertilizers generally applied.

In all cases a very marked increase due to the application of nitrate occurred, ranging from 34.1 per cent. for corn to 96.6 per cent. for barley—a profitable return from the use of nitrate on all crops except the barley, which, owing to unfavorable weather conditions, did not make a large yield.

The value of the increased crop ranges from $6.64 to $11.59 per acre—a profitable increase in every case, as the average cost of nitrate did not exceed $3.60. This profit does not take into consideration the fact that the average increase for all the crops was over fifty per cent., thus reducing in this proportion the area required for the production of a definite amount of food, a point of vital importance in the matter of growing forage for soiling purposes. In other words, it is shown that not only with these crops the application of nitrate of soda made it possible to double the number of cattle or the number of cows that could be kept on a definite area.

In the case of the wheat and rye, the application was made when the plants were well started in the spring. In the case of the spring or summer seeded crops the applications were made after the plants were well started and root systems well established and ready for the rapid absorption of food.

In raising forage crops the best results—in fact, satisfactory results—can only be obtained when grown under the intensive system. The soil must be well prepared and an abundance of all the elements of plant food supplied. Hence, the application of nitrate may be greater than is usually recommended for grain crops under the extensive system.

Depth to Plow For Corn.

A farmer inquired of the Practical Farmer in regard to the proper depth to plow for corn, and was told by T. B. Terry that the answer depends upon circumstances. If one is plowing new, deep, fertile soil that is in sod, for corn, shallow turning may be all right. The rich prairies of the West were always plowed shallow at first. If plowing land where the soil is thin, say not more than four or five inches deep, and under it is a hard clay, deep plowing all at once would probably be a serious injury to the corn crop following. Corn is a sun plant and likes to feed near the surface largely. On sandy land, where the subsoil is loose and sandy, it may not be best to turn under sod for corn more than about five or six inches deep. The subsoil is mellow and one is not likely to gain much by working it deeply. But on ordinary land, where the subsoil has more or less clay in it, and the soil is waning in fertility, I think a careful system of deepening the plowing gradually will always be of advantage for corn as well as other farm crops. This where the farmer pays attention to rotation and to furnishing his soil abundantly with vegetable matter. The result will be particularly helpful in dry seasons. I know men, widely scattered over the country, who have grown large corn crops under these circumstances where the land was plowed some eight inches deep, while shallow plowers met with partial failure. It is hard to tell exactly to what a farmer owes a large crop sometimes; but common sense would indicate that a good, fertile seed bed eight inches deep would enable one to carry a crop through a dry time better than he could in a bed four inches deep. One has to stir about two inches of surface anyway. With the shallow plowing only two inches are left of the soil for roots. With the deep plowing six inches are left. But this refers to land where the subsoil is hard and clayed. Quite likely these old successful farmers were right, as their soil was when they began farming. There may be deep, mellow, rich soils where they would be right now. But I feel sure there are few of these farms now where deeper plowing, under proper management would not show better results. When the land was new and rich, one could skim it over and prosper. I do not believe it can be done now, generally.

A Pound of Cotton 1000 Miles Long.

"Sea Island cotton is the best kind," said a Southerner. "It is finer and silkier than any other cotton in the world. A pound of it can be spun into 4770 miles of thread.

"For an experiment once in the English town of Manchester a skilled spinner spun a pound of Sea Island cotton into a single thread 1000 miles long. Then for another experiment he took another pound of cotton and spun it into as many hanks as he could get. He got 10,000 hanks in all, and the yarn in each of them measured 840 yards. Thus out of a pound of cotton 4770 miles of yarn were produced. This yarn, though, was too fine to be of any practical utility.

"Those two experiments made a superb advertisement for the cotton of the South."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Speed Rates.

Few men could tell, if they were asked, how many feet per second they walk. The average man walks four feet a second. A dog, on its ordinary jog, goes eight feet a second. A horse trots twelve feet a second. A reindeer over the ice makes twenty-six feet. A racehorse makes forty-three feet. A sailing ship makes fourteen feet.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ODD MARKS ON LAUNDRY.

Strange Methods Adopted For Identifying the Washtub's Contents.

Strange and wonderful are the methods adopted by foreigners for identifying the contents of the washtub. In parts of Eastern France the linen is defaced with the whole name and address of the laundry stamped upon it, and an additional geometrical design to indicate the owner. Complaint is useless, as in France the laundries have all-powerful unions, which dictate to the residents.

In Bavaria every patron of the washtub has a number stamped in large characters on his linen. This system was devised by old-established laundries to prevent persons removing their custom to rival firms. In other parts of Germany a small cotton label is attached by a hot-water-proof adhesive.

In Bulgaria each laundry has a large number of stamps engraved with designs, such as triangles, crosses, and so forth. These signs are stamped first on each article to be washed, and then in a book opposite the owner's name.

In Russia the laundries mark linen with threads worked in arrow shapes. By arranging each of half a dozen arrows horizontally, vertically, diagonally, and so on, hundreds of different combinations may be obtained.

Names marked on Russian linen are never written in the Russian alphabet, but almost invariably in Latin characters. This is a survival of the time when Russian dandies sent their linen for washing to Holland.

In some Russian towns the police periodically issue regulations for laundries. In Odessa books of marks are furnished annually to the laundry proprietors, and these marks and no others may be used. By this system criminals and revolutionary agitators are often traced.

In Greece, small safety pins, each bearing a little plaque stamped with a number, are attached before and removed after washing. The owner's mark is generally written in red indelible ink.

Country laundries in Austria mark each article in a patent ink which defies soap and water, but is removed by a bleaching powder before the goods are sent home.

Austrians of rank have their crests and coronets worked on their under garments. A case was tried in the Viennese courts not long ago in which a swindling self-styled Count had his linen marked with the initials and coronet of the Austrian Premier, Count Goluchowski.

In Finland the laundry mark is made with light brown ink, leading strangers to believe that the mark has been scorched in with a heated stamp.

In Portugal each article washed bears three signs, the owner's name, his laundry mark and the laundry's own monogram, which appears most prominently. The laundry mark is a certain definite number of stitches, which are left in after washing. Towels are marked with stenciled figures often an inch long.—Good Literature.

She Wanted a Stateroom.

She lives in Oakland, and she is going East on a trip. She is taking the other members of the family with her, making a party of seven all told, including Babette, the maid.

"I want two drawing rooms and a section," she explained to Passenger Agent Drascovich in the Union Pacific ticket office on Montgomery street. "And I am very particular about the accommodations. One of the drawing rooms must have the morning sun, and the section must be so arranged that it will get the afternoon sun."

"Well, really, madam," protested the obliging passenger agent. "I can't promise you that one of the drawing rooms will get the morning sun, but I'll do my best to arrange it."

"Well, it's very funny if you can't attend to a simple matter like that," said the Oakland lady with some show of spirit. "When Mr. Hitchcock was in charge of this office he used to arrange such matters for me."

"Well, if Mr. Hitchcock regulated the morning sunshine in the drawing rooms, I guess I can have it arranged," replied Drascovich with much courtesy, "but I hope you won't mind if I remark that Mr. Hitchcock is setting a pretty swift pace for the fellow that is still in the business."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Too Many Deer.

Deer are quite plentiful in rural districts and in some thickly settled localities. They appear very tame and come near to the buildings, and enter gardens, where, in places they have been doing considerable damage by eating vegetables and garden stuff.

The laws for the protection of deer are most rigidly enforced, and any one shooting or even dogging them is summarily dealt with, being heavily fined. The question now is whether there is no protection for the farmer's crops or no way for him to recover damage done by the animals. No one seems to be able to tell of what advantage they are to any one, except to afford a few days' pleasure during the hunting season for a few sportsmen who tramp unconcerned through the fields breaking down fences and tramping down whatever late crops there may be out.—E. M. Pike, in American Cultivator.

The Hockey Girl at Bay.

Who (among girls) are the best players of hockey, tennis and cricket? who ride and drive, cycle and motor, swim and walk? Is it not the Girton girl—the Newham girl—the girl who can read the world's classics each in the mother-tongue—the girl who is at home among men of science and literary culture? Surely the cultivation of our muscles is not the sign for the neglect of our brains and higher faculties.—The Treasury.

Guilds and the Garden of Eden.

The Weavers' Company claim to be the oldest guild, so far as the date of establishment is concerned. The Gardeners' company, on the other hand, puts in a plea for precedence on the score that our first parents were gardeners. The present master of the Merchant Tailors' Company, however, awards, the seniority to the Skinners' Company. Adam and Eve were "skinners" before they troubled their heads about horticulture.—City Press.